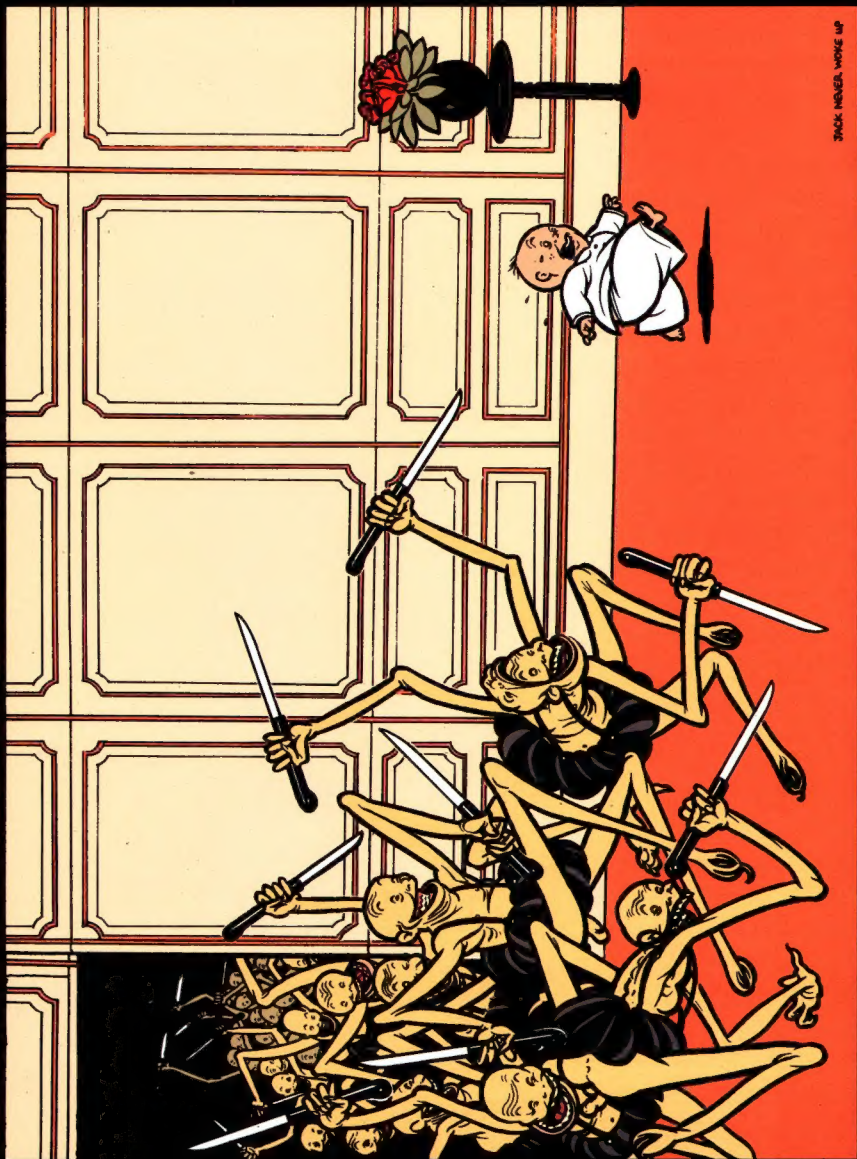


# ZERO ZERO

MARCH / APRIL 1996 **PSYCHIC BOOKS** \$5.95 / \$8.50 CAN







march / april 1996

cover Charles Burns

i.f.c. "Jack Never Woke Up" Al Columbia

2 "Sof' Boy" Archer Prewitt

8 "The Strange Secret of Molly O'Dare," Part 3  
Kim Deitch and Fowlton Means

23 "Homunculus: The Eunuch's Tale"  
Mack White

centerspread Henriette Valium

30 "The Forgotten Dream of a Melancholy Chef"  
Ted Stearn

34 "The Chuckling Whatsit," Part 7  
Richard Sala

43 "The Legend of the Florida Man-Fish"  
Mike Diana

51 "Understanding Hockey" Dave Collier

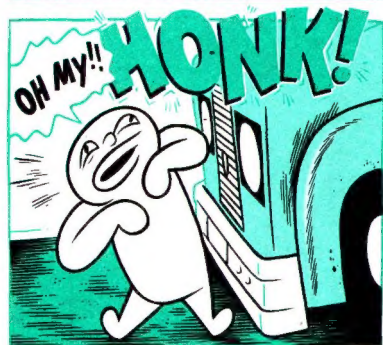
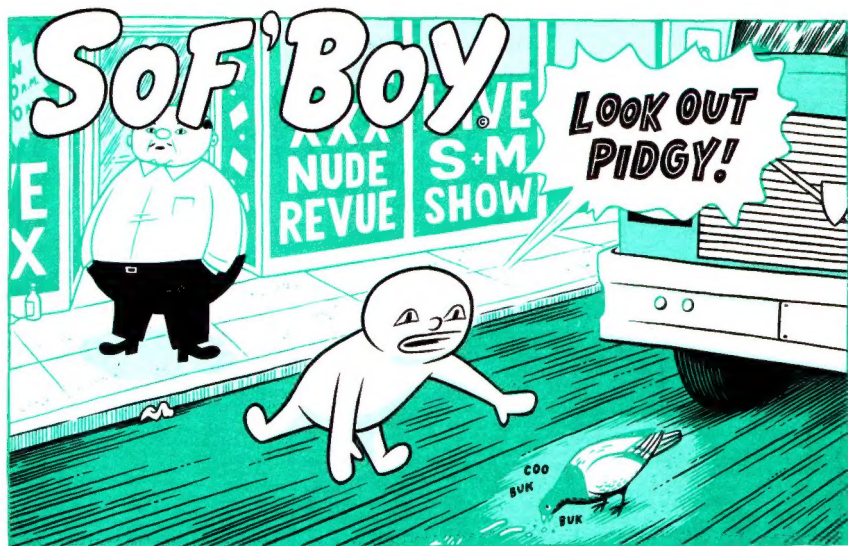
our serialized feature stories

C'mon in!

i.b.c. "Car-Boy" Max Andersson

back cover "Mo' Apocalypse!" Pat Moriarity





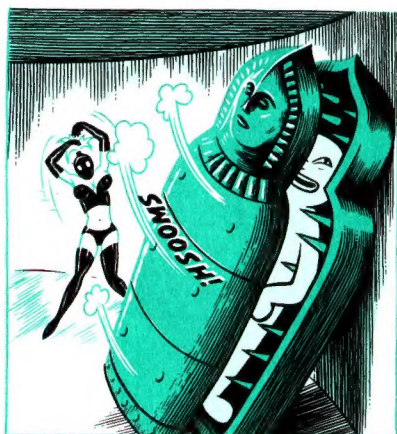




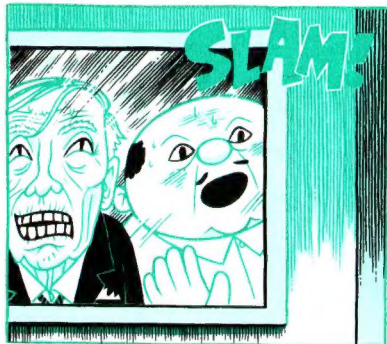












# The Strange Secret of Molly O'Dare

CONTINUED...

A REPORTER NAMED FOWLTON MEANS HAS FOLLOWED A FORMER SILENT FILM STAR TO AN UNCHARTED ISLAND IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

**H**ERE, AMIDST ELEGANT SURROUNDINGS SHE IS QUEEN TO A RACE OF GOOD NATURED PYGMIES,

...AND IS GUIDED BY TWELVE WISE OLD PYGMY MEN WHO LIVE BENEATH THE EARTH AND ARE KNOWN AS "THE GREY ONES."

THEIR CHIEF ASSISTANT IS A FLAMBOYANT RELIC OF THE OLD WEST NAMED DOC LEDICKER.





LATER, MORE  
SURPRISES!

WELL, HELLO THERE  
SLEEPY HEAD!

HUH?



HEY! WHERE'S MOLLY?

OH, SHE'S BACK  
AT THE PALACE,  
(HEH) I'M AFRAID  
SHE'S NOT  
FEELING TOO  
GOOD  
EITHER.

HEY!  
WHAT'RE THOSE  
DOO DADS?

THOSE "DOO DADS," AS YOU CALL THEM, ARE WHO'RE  
REALLY RUNNING THE SHOW AROUND HERE.



EVEN AS WE SPEAK,  
YOUR IMAGE IS BEING  
BEAMED TO A SPACE  
STATION THIRTY THOUSAND MILES AWAY.

JESUS CHRIST! WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE?

WELL, IT'S A LONG STORY,

BUT I SUPPOSE IT IS ABOUT TIME I EXPLAINED A FEW THINGS.

Y'SEE, YEARS AGO, THIS PLACE WASN'T MUCH MORE THAN A BACKWARD OUTPOST OF PRIMITIVE HUMANITY.

THEN ONE DAY, THIRTEEN LITTLE BOYS WERE SUCKED UP INTO THE SKY BY A MYSTERIOUS SPACE CRAFT.



ONCE  
ONBOARD, THEY  
WERE LAUNCHED  
INTO A COMPREHENSIVE  
TRAINING PROGRAM  
THAT TOOK YEARS BY  
MANKIND'S USUAL  
STANDARDS OF  
PASSING TIME.

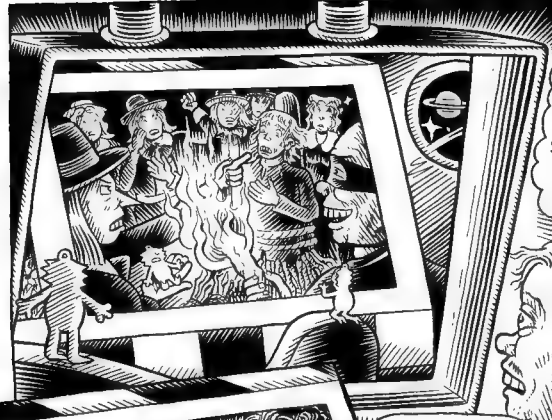
THE BOYS WERE BROUGHT TO  
A SLOWER RATE OF METABOLISM  
ALLOWING THEM TO MANIPULATE  
AND SLOW DOWN TIME IN AN ALMOST GODLIKE MANNER.

YOU SEE, THESE CREATURES  
HAVE A CURIOUS ATTITUDE ABOUT  
HUMAN BEINGS;

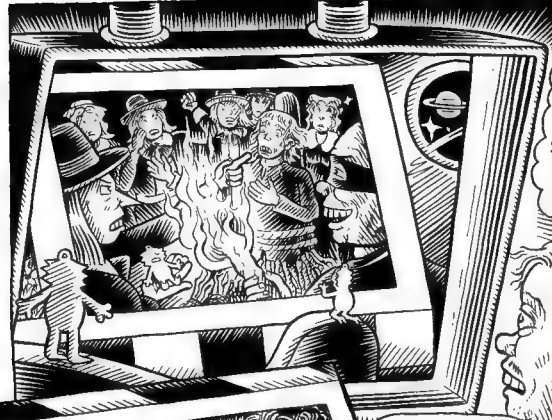
THEY CONSIDER US  
A FLAWED SPECIES,  
BUT A HIGHLY  
ENTERTAINING ONE.

AND IT'S OUR  
FOLKWAYS,  
THE WAYS  
WE ENTERTAIN  
EACH OTHER THAT  
THEY CONSIDER  
TO BE OUR  
SAVING  
GRACE.

IT'S WHAT THEY CONSIDER US TO BE PARTICULARLY GOOD AT,  
AND A THING THEY WERE VERY INTERESTED IN PRESERVING.



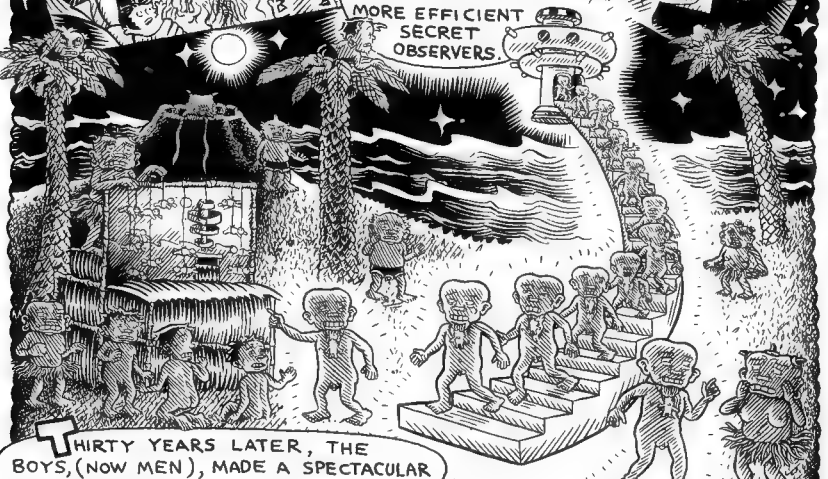
BUT THOUGH THESE  
EXTRATERRESTRIALS  
HAVE THE ABILITY TO  
BEAM BACK ANYTHING  
THEY SEE TO THEIR  
SPACE STATION, WHERE  
IT'S RECORDED AND  
STORED, DOING SO  
UNOBSERVED WAS A  
PROBLEM.



....AND MORE  
THAN A FEW  
HUMAN ACCOMPLICES  
SUFFERED BADLY.



IT WAS HOPED  
THAT THE SMALLER  
SIZE OF THE BOYS  
WOULD MAKE THEM  
MORE EFFICIENT  
SECRET  
OBSERVERS.



**T**HIRTY YEARS LATER, THE  
BOYS, (NOW MEN), MADE A SPECTACULAR  
RETURN TO THE ISLAND!



WITH THEIR NEWLY ACQUIRED SUPERIOR MENTAL POWER, THEY SOON HAD THE ISLAND POPULATION DIGGING A VAST NETWORK OF TUNNELS,



...THAT EVENTUALLY HONEYCOMBED THROUGHOUT THE EARTH!

HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO, ONE OF THE THIRTEEN LED AN EXPEDITION THAT TUNNELED ALL THE WAY TO ENGLAND!

AND GOING AGAINST HIS CELIBATE TRAINING, HE BRED WITH THE FEMALES IN HIS PARTY.



ALTHOUGH THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIALS WERE CONCERNED, ULTIMATELY THEY DECIDED NOT TO INTERFERE;...

AND THE OFFSPRING OF THESE UNIONS INHERITED THE UNIQUE POWERS OF THEIR FATHER,



GIVING THEM EASY CONTROL IN ENCOUNTERS WITH THE LOCAL POPULATION.

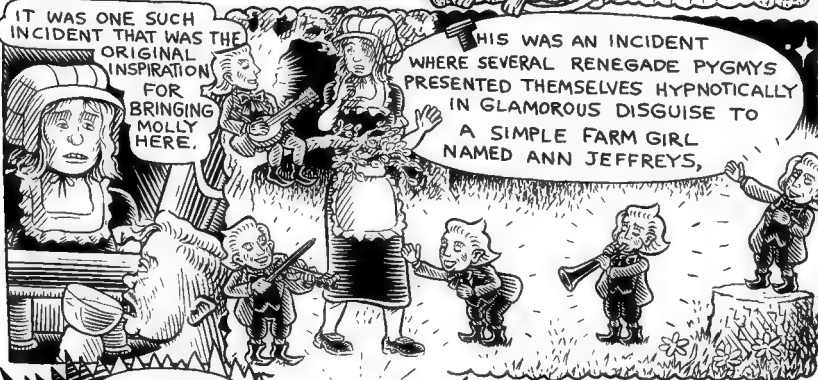
IN FACT, MOST OF THE WORLD'S FAIRY  
LEGENDS SPRING FROM TALES OF  
THESE MYSTERIOUS RENEGADE  
PYGMYS.

THESE CREATURES HAD THE HYPNOTIC  
POWER TO APPEAR IN ANY FORM THEY CHOSE.



IT WAS ONE SUCH  
INCIDENT THAT WAS THE  
ORIGINAL  
INSPIRATION  
FOR  
BRINGING  
MOLLY  
HERE.

THIS WAS AN INCIDENT  
WHERE SEVERAL RENEGADE PYGMYS  
PRESENTED THEMSELVES HYPNOTICALLY  
IN GLAMOROUS DISGUISE TO  
A SIMPLE FARM GIRL  
NAMED ANN JEFFREYS,



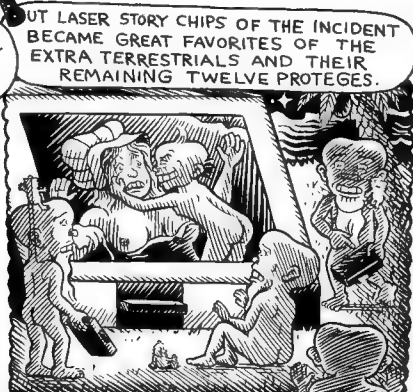
...AND LURED  
HER TO AN  
UNDERGROUND  
CAVE WHERE  
THEY "SEDUCED"  
HER.

AFTER SHE'D ESCAPED,  
HER STORY CAUSED A  
GOOD DEAL OF  
SENSATION.





UNFORTUNATELY, THE NOTORIETY MADE HER AN OUTCAST.



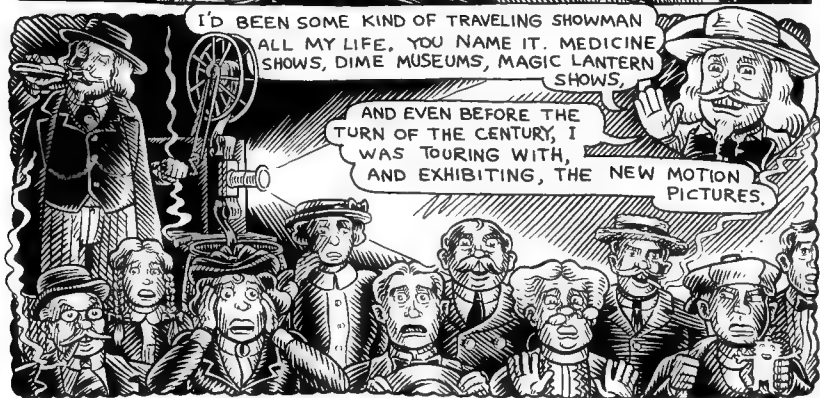
BUT LASER STORY CHIPS OF THE INCIDENT BECAME GREAT FAVORITES OF THE EXTRA TERRESTRIALS AND THEIR REMAINING TWELVE PROTEGES.



IT WAS NOTED ABOUT THIS TIME THAT IT WAS AS COLLECTORS AND COMPILERS THAT THE TWELVE LITTLE MEN REALLY SHINED;

AND IT WAS DECIDED THAT BETTER USE MIGHT BE MADE OF THEM, WORKING IN TANDEM WITH VARIOUS HAND-PICKED HUMANS.

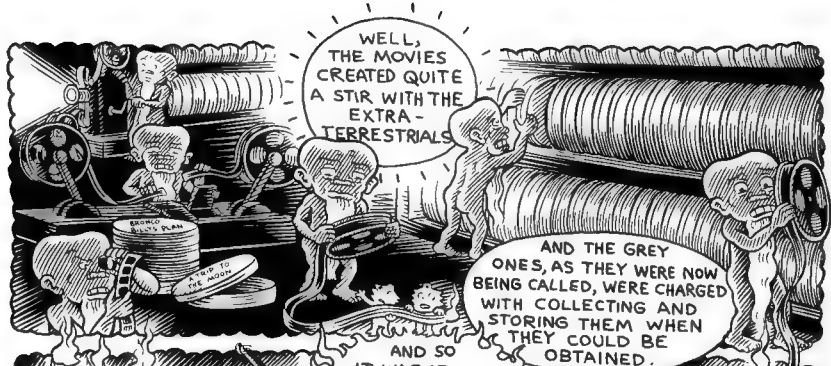
...WHICH IS HOW I CAME INTO THE PICTURE.



I'D BEEN SOME KIND OF TRAVELING SHOWMAN ALL MY LIFE, YOU NAME IT. MEDICINE SHOWS, DIME MUSEUMS, MAGIC LANTERN SHOWS,

AND EVEN BEFORE THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, I WAS TOURING WITH, AND EXHIBITING, THE NEW MOTION PICTURES.





NATURALLY, WHEN A MOVIE VERSION OF ANNE JEFFREY'S FAIRY ABDUCTION, STARRING MOLLY, WAS MADE,

COMING SOON

Molly O'dare

THE TRUE STORY OF

The Fairy

ST. BAUMAN ART

...WE WERE ALL EAGER TO SEE IT.

BAUMAN PHOTOPLAYS

BUT BEFORE WE COULD, ALL KNOWN PRINTS WENT UP IN SMOKE AND A PRINT HAS ELUDED US SINCE.

HOWEVER, THE GREY ONES BECAME GREAT FANS OF MOLLY'S SUBSEQUENT CAREER AS A SERIAL QUEEN.

IN THEATRE TODAY

MOLLY O'DARE

SPLICE REEL 2 OF THE DANGER GIRL

ILLUSTRATED SONGS

MY KODAK ENERGY

THE DANGER GIRL

HER FILMS WERE DILIGENTLY PILFERED AND PRESERVED.

AND WHEN THE DOWNWARD SPIRAL OF HER LIFE WAS BECOMING ALL TOO APPARENT, THEY PLEADED FOR SOME SORT OF INTERCESSION.



IF EVERYONE WAS SO DAMNED CONCERNED WITH SAVING MOLLY'S FILMS, WHAT ABOUT THE GIRL BEHIND THEM?

WHY COULDN'T MOLLY BE ABDUCTED JUST LIKE THE ORIGINAL ANNE JEFFREYS?

ONLY THIS TIME IT COULD BE RESPONSIBLY HANDLED. SHE COULD BE BROUGHT HERE AND PROPERLY CARED FOR, JUST LIKE HER OLD FILMS.

IT SEEMED REASONABLE, AND THE JOB OF GETTING HER HERE WENT TO ME.

AND THE REST YOU KNOW. IT'S MORE OR LESS WORKED

OUT, EXCEPT THAT LATELY SHE'S GOTTEN A BIT RESTLESS.

HOPING THAT A VISIT TO HOLLYWOOD MIGHT SETTLE HER DOWN, SHE WAS ALLOWED TO GO ON

OUR RECENT FILM RAID AT GORTON'S BAR; WHERE WE ALSO ACQUIRED YOU, SIR.

SO?

JUST THIS:

WE DON'T ENTIRELY OBJECT TO YOU ON PRINCIPLE, BUT WE'VE ALL GONE TO A GOOD DEAL OF TROUBLE TO SAVE THAT GIRL,



...AND UNLESS YOU CAN PROVE YOURSELF TO BE A MORE WORTHY AND USEFUL CONSORT TO HER,...

... I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO GO.

BEFORE MEANS CAN RESPOND, HE'S GIVEN A REVIEW OF WHERE HIS LIFE HAS GONE AND WHAT HIS FATE WILL BE AT THE RATE HE'S GOING.

NOW HERE'S THE DEAL.

DOC LEDICKER TAKES MEANS TO A GUATEMALAN VILLAGE AND SETS HIM UP WITH A HOUSE, SEVERAL SERVANTS AND A FORGED PASSPORT.

SHOCKINGLY, THE DATE ON THE PASSPORT IS 1961! APPARENTLY FOURTEEN YEARS HAVE GONE BY IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE!

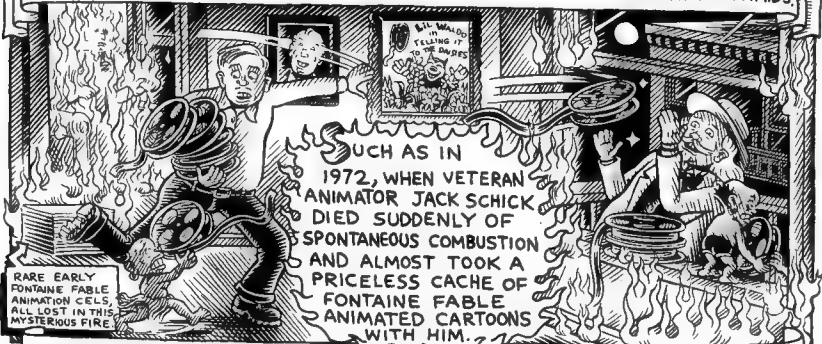
YOUNG KIM DEITCH ON "FRENCH LEAVE" FROM THE NORWEGIAN MERCHANT MARINE.

FOOTNOTE

IT WASN'T LONG AFTERWARD THAT A CHANCE MEETING WITH MEANS IN GUATEMALA LAUNCHED OUR LONG CREATIVE COLLABORATION, WHICH RESULTED IN HIS WRITING MANY OF MY MOST INGENUOUS COMICS.

K.D.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF "THE DEAL" ARE THAT MEANS IS "ON RETAINER" AND IS OCCASIONALLY ENLISTED BY DOC LEDICKER TO GO ON FILM PRESERVATION RAIDS.



MORE EXOTIC BUT LESS FRUITFUL WAS A 1981 RAID ON AN IRISH FAIRY GLEN IN SEARCH OF A PRINT OF MOLLY'S FIRST STARRING FILM, "THE FAIRY BALL."

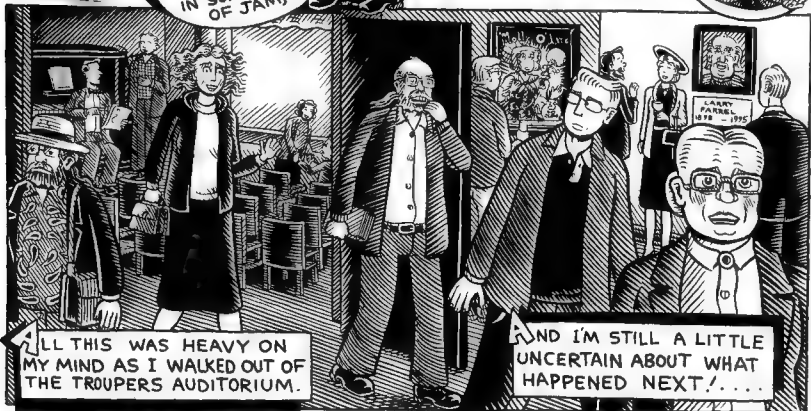


AND I MIGHT NEVER HAVE UNDERTAKEN TO ILLUSTRATE IT BUT FOR A RATHER STARTLING SUBSEQUENT DEVELOPMENT!

THIS WAS THE ANNOUNCEMENT THAT A PRINT OF A 1914 FILM, "THE FAIRY BALL", FOUND AMONG LARRY FARREL'S PERSONAL EFFECTS WOULD BE SHOWN AT A MEMORIAL FOR THE LATE ACTOR AT THE TROUPERS CLUB.



I COULDN'T HELP WONDERING IF THE SCRIPT FOWLTON MEANS HAD SUPPLIED ME WITH FOR SHADOWLAND COMICS HAD GOTTEN HIM IN SOME KIND OF JAM,



I MEAN, A LOT OF TIMES I THINK WE SEE WHAT WE WANT TO SEE,

BUT AS I HEADED FOR THE EXIT, A CURIOUS COUPLE AT THE OTHER END OF THE ROOM CAUGHT MY EYE.

THE MAN HAD MORE THAN A PASSING RESEMBLANCE TO FOWLTON MEANS.

AND THE WOMAN STRUCK ME AS BEARING A RATHER STARTLING RESEMBLANCE TO MOLLY O' DARE!





AS I INSTINCTIVELY  
STARTED MOVING TOWARD  
THEM, THE MAN SAW ME  
AND HERDED THE  
WOMAN INTO ANOTHER  
ROOM.



BUT WHEN I  
FOLLOWED THEM,  
I FOUND NOTHING;  
ONLY SOME  
RIPPED OUT  
FLOOR  
BOARDS AND  
A CRUDE,  
TUNNEL-  
LIKE  
HOLE!



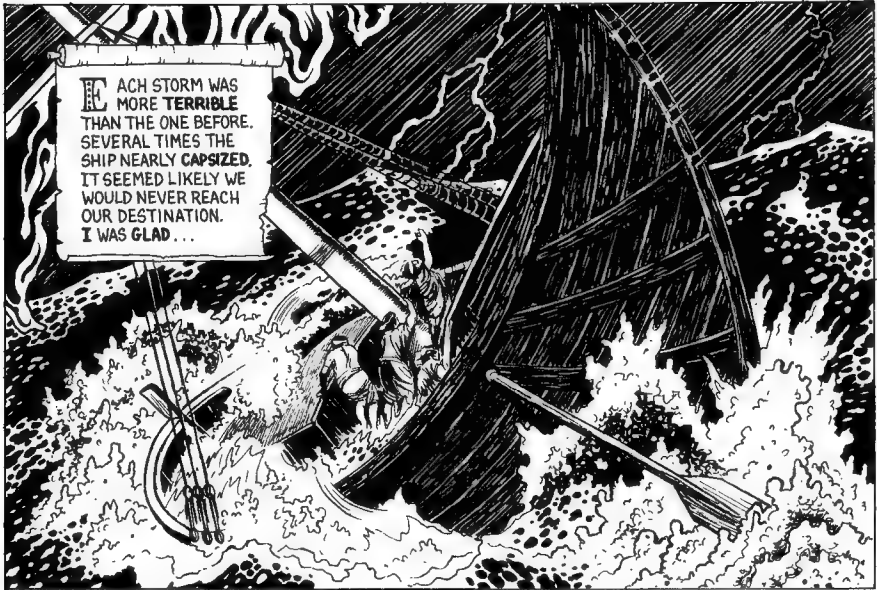
PROBABLY WOULD HAVE  
DISMISSED THE WHOLE THING  
BUT THE FOLLOWING  
DAY I WAS TOLD  
THAT THE PRINT OF  
THE FAIRY BALL  
WE'D SEEN HAD  
APPARENTLY  
BEEN  
STOLEN



WELL, DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS, BUT I'D  
AT LEAST LIKE TO THINK THAT SOMEWHERE  
IN SOME FAR FLUNG CORNER OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC,  
MOLLY O'DARE AND FOWLTON MEANS JUST  
MIGHT BE HAPPY TOGETHER AT LONG LAST.


# HOMVNCVLVS: THE EVNVCH'S TALE

BY NACK WHITE



**E**ACH STORM WAS MORE **TERRIBLE** THAN THE ONE BEFORE. SEVERAL TIMES THE SHIP NEARLY **CAPSIZE**D. IT SEEMED LIKELY WE WOULD NEVER REACH OUR DESTINATION. I WAS GLAD...

BELOW DECK, WHERE I WAS KEPT IN A **BIRD CAGE**, APART FROM THE OTHER SLAVES, I PRAYED TO **POSEIDON**...



O GREAT **POSEIDON**, FINISH YOUR WORK! SEND THIS SHIP TO THE **FISHY DEEPS**! LOSE US IN THE **ABYSS**! **DROWN**—

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?! WAS IT YOU WHO SUMMONED THIS **TERRIBLE STORM**? WHY, MY SON? WHY?!



FOR THE LAST TIME, EUNUCH—  
I'M NO SON OF YOURS!

NOT MY SON YOU SAY? I FOUND  
YOU IN MY ORDURE LAST FULL MOON,  
DID I NOT? YES, I DID...

...AND DON'T I LOOK AFTER YOU—JUST LIKE A  
MOTHER? I FEED YOU. I MADE YOU THOSE CLOTHES!  
AND YOU REPAY ME THUS—SAYING YOU'RE NOT MY  
SON AND BEGGING POSEIDON DROWN US ALL!

LOOK—I'M GRATEFUL FOR ALL  
YOUR KINDNESSES, AND IF IT WILL  
MAKE YOU HAPPY I'LL ASK THAT  
ONLY I BE DROWNED!

BUT WHY, MY  
SON? IS IT SLAVERY  
YOU HATE SO MUCH  
YOU'LL DIE FIRST?

IT'S THAT AND MORE—MY LIFE  
IS NOT WORTH LIVING WITHOUT MY  
TWIN. I CANNOT LIVE LIKE THIS,  
A MORTAL AND A—

TWIN? I SAW NO TWIN AT YOUR  
BIRTH! IF TWIN THERE BE, THEN LIKE AS  
NOT, IT'S STILL INSIDE ME. I'LL SQUEEZE IT  
OUT IN TIME—SO DON'T YOU FRET. AND  
AS FOR BEING A SLAVE...

...YOU'RE NO WORSE OFF THAN  
ME. DO YOU THINK I SERVE  
THESE PIRATES BY CHOICE? I'M  
A SLAVE TOO—AND HAVE BEEN  
MOST OF MY LIFE...







"I WAS **NOT BORN A SLAVE**, YOU SEE—BORN LOWLY, YES, BUT **FREE**. MY FATHER WAS A COBBLER IN **GAUL**, AND I GREW UP WORKING IN HIS SHOP. VERY LIKELY I WOULD STILL BE MAKING SANDALS, HAD NOT **FATE** INTERVENED. IN MY TWENTIETH YEAR, **ROMAN TROOPS** ARRIVED TO QUELL UNREST IN THE AREA. THOUGH I WAS NOT A COMBATANT, I ENDED UP BEING **CAPTURED**, ALONG WITH A **THOUSAND** MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN . . ."

"WE WERE HANDED OVER TO **SLAVE TRADERS** AND DISPERSED THROUGHOUT THE EMPIRE. I FOUND MYSELF ON AN **AUCTION BLOCK** IN **ITALY**. IN THOSE DAYS I WAS NOT AS YOU SEE ME NOW—OLD, BALD, AND FLABBY. I WAS **YOUNG AND HEALTHY**, THEREFORE QUICKLY **SOLD** . . ."



"MY **BUYER** TURNED OUT TO BE A **SLAVE** HIMSELF, ACTING AS **AGENT** FOR MY NEW **OWNER**. AS WE RODE ALONG THROUGH THE COUNTRYSIDE, HE TOLD ME OUR **OWNER'S NAME** . . ."

**JUNIA PISO**—WIDOW OF THE **SENATOR PISO**. ALL THIS **LAND** YOU SEE IS **HERS**—AND SHE OWNS **OVER 500 SLAVES**—WOMEN AND **EUNUCHS** ALL—**NOT ONE MAN!**



BUT I'M NOT  
A **EUNUCH!**



OF COURSE  
YOU'RE NOT, LAD!

"THE OLD SLAVE'S WORDS MADE ME **UNEASY**. I FEARED MY DAYS AS A **MAN** WERE NUMBERED—A FEAR WHICH SOON PROVED **JUSTIFIED** WHEN, SHORTLY AFTER MY ARRIVAL AT **JUNIA PISO'S VILLA**, I WAS TAKEN TO ONE OF THE FARM'S BUILDINGS . . ."

NOW YOU JUST **RELAX**. YOU'RE IN **CAPABLE** HANDS. WHY, I'VE BEEN DOING THIS SINCE OLD **OCTAVIAN** WAS EMPEROR . . .

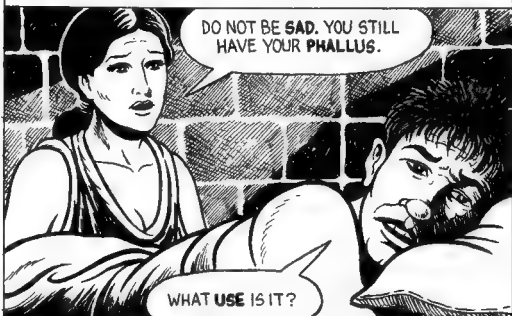


"MY **PHALLUS** WAS PLACED IN THE PROTECTIVE RING OF THE **SHEARS**, THEN I FELT THE COLD, SERRATED CLAMPS CLOSE AGAINST MY **SCROTUM**, AND--"



"THE PAIN WAS BLINDING. I COULD ONLY SHRIEK, AND CRY..."

"MY **RECOVERY** TOOK SEVERAL DAYS. DURING THAT TIME I WAS ATTENDED BY A KIND SLAVE GIRL NAMED **AEMILIA**. WHEN SHE SAW I WOULD NOT **EAT**, SHE SAID TO ME..."



DO NOT BE SAD. YOU STILL HAVE YOUR **PHALLUS**.

WHAT **USE** IS IT?

IT'S STILL OF **USE**. WHY, I'VE SEEN **EUNUCHS** WITH **ERECTIONS** AS BIG AS **TREE TRUNKS**!

I DON'T CARE.

BUT YOU SHOULD. IT'S VERY IMPORTANT.

YOU SEE, OUR **MISTRESS** USES HER **EUNUCHS** FOR **PLEASURE**. BUT IF ANY **DISAPPOINT** HER, SHE HAS THEIR **PHALLUS** LOPPED OFF--AND THAT'S AN OPERATION FEW SURVIVE...

...SO **EAT**. YOU'LL NEED YOUR **STRENGTH**!

"WHAT **AEMILIA** SAID WAS TRUE--IN **THEORY** AT LEAST. MY **BALLS** HAD BEEN **RIPE** WHEN CUT, THEREFORE I SHOULD STILL BE CAPABLE OF AN **ERECTION**. THIS WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SO HAD I BEEN CUT WHILE STILL A **BOY**. SO THERE WAS REASON TO TAKE HEART. AND YET, SO FAR, WEAK AND SUFFERING AS I WAS--AND **DISTRAUGHT**--THERE HAD BEEN NO DEMONSTRATION OF **PRIAPAN** POWER IN MY **PHALLUS**. NOR HAD THERE BEEN BY THE TIME I WAS AT LAST PRESENTED TO MY **MISTRESS JUNIA PISO**. I KNEW THAT NOW WAS MY MOMENT OF TRUTH. SHE WOULD DESIRE A DEMONSTRATION OF MY **SEXUAL ABILITY**--AND I FEARED THE OUTCOME. MY FEAR, OF COURSE, ONLY INCREASED THE CHANCE OF **FAILURE**. ALL I COULD DO WAS PRAY TO **PRIAPUS** FOR HELP..."



SO YOU'RE THE **YOUNG GAUL**. I TOLD **PELOGO** TO GET ME A **PRETTY BOY**...

...SIGH. I GUESS YOU'LL HAVE TO DO.



SUDDENLY THE **EUNUCH'S TALE** WAS INTERRUPTED AS THE SHIP **PITCHED** VIOLENTLY SIDeways, UPSETTING SEVERAL **AMPHORAE**. ONE AMPHORA **STRUCK** THE POOR **EUNUCH** IN THE **HEAD**, RENDERING HIM **UNCONSCIOUS** IN MID-SENTENCE . . .



**T**HE SHIP'S **DOOM** NOW SEEMED IMMINENT. AT LAST **POSEIDON** WAS ANSWERING MY PLEA. I SHOULD HAVE BEEN JOYOUS, BUT INSTEAD I FOUND MYSELF SUDDENLY **RELUCTANT** TO DIE. AT LEAST I DID NOT WANT TO DIE AT THAT PARTICULAR **MOMENT**. FOR I HAD GROWN INTERESTED IN THE **EUNUCH'S TALE** AND NOW REGRETTED I WOULD NEVER KNOW ITS **OUTCOME**. **POSEIDON'S TIMING** COULD NOT HAVE BEEN WORSE . . .



©'96 MACK WHITE





FEAR



PAIN



HATE



VIOLENCE

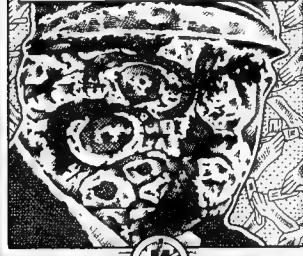


MAGNIFICENT

MISTER FLESH & BONES



GENERAL MAC ADOLF  
HITLER ARTHUR HESS



SIR WINSTON HIRO-HITO  
CHURCHILL HIMMLER



MR CHARLES NIXON  
DE GAULLE MUSSOLINI



MISTRESS SPERM & GUTS



JOHN F. MAO GOERING  
KENNEDY CASTRO



CUBIC RABBI BENITO  
CLINTON TITO STALINE



RIGHT TATTOO



LEFT TATTOO



SICKNESS



PAIN



DESPAIR



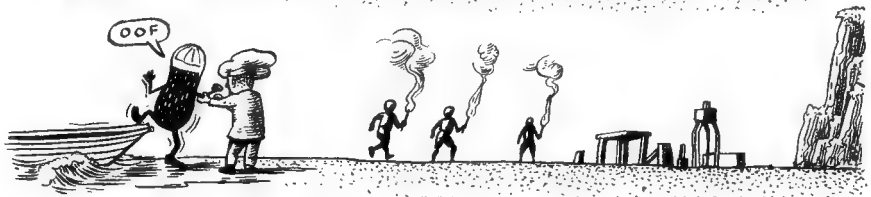
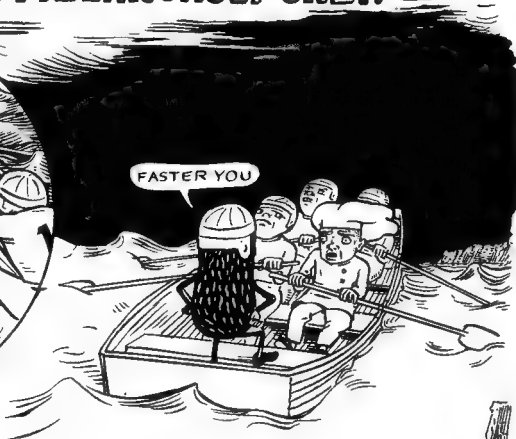
SORROW



CROSS OF DOOM

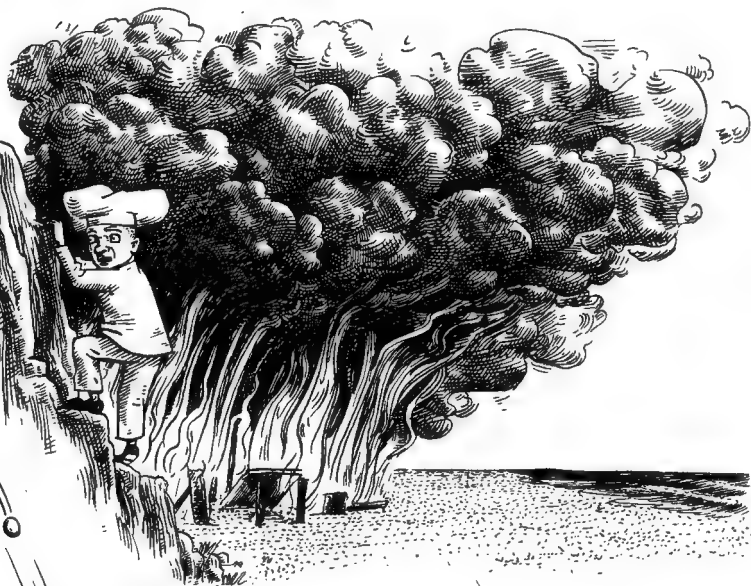


# THE FORGOTTEN DREAM OF A MELANCHOLY CHEF



...I FORGOT MY  
EGG BEATER

YOU WILL NOT  
NEED IT FOR THIS  
PARTICULAR  
VENTURE









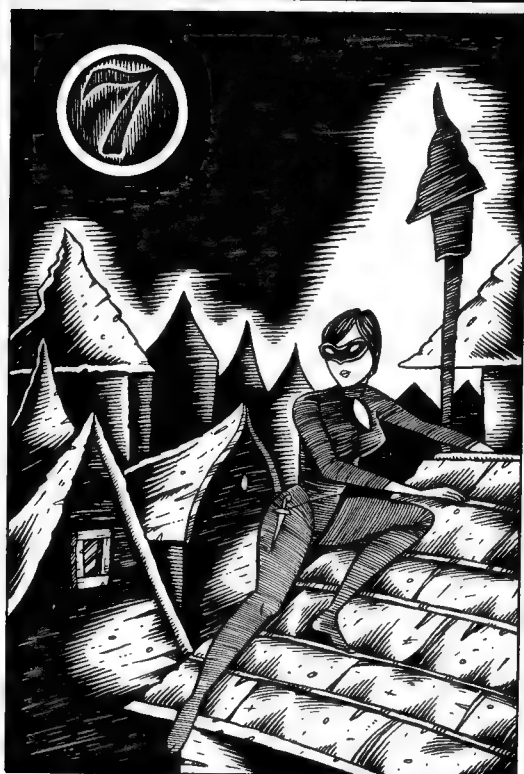


# the Chuckling Whatsit

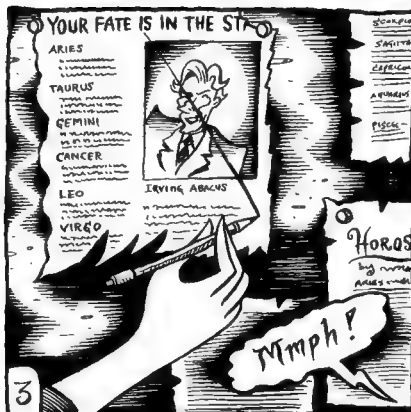
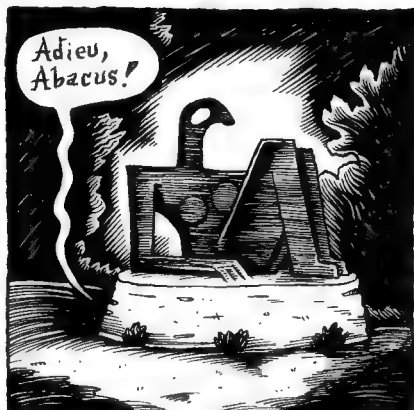
© 1996 Richard Sala

## Previously ~

Professor Peeke hires Broom to continue the research Abigail Aberdevine was doing before she vanished: digging into the life of mysterious outsider artist Emile Jarnac. Broom resigns his horoscope column ~ Peeke pays better; plus Broom has no desire to meet the maniac who has been killing astrology columnists. He visits Miss Limbo, a consultant to the murdered writers, and she tells him what Cyril Root, aka "Venus," revealed to her about the book he was writing on Jarnac.





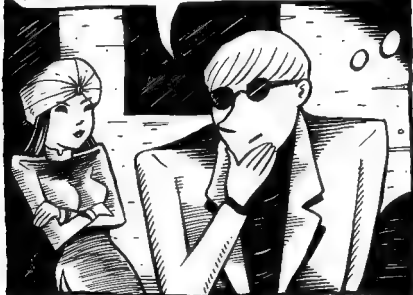


So, what's your interest in this Jarnac guy, anyway?

It's just a job ~ just another gig until something better comes along. All I have to do is dig up enough info to satisfy some nutty professor ~ shouldn't be too hard for a trained journalist like myself.



Guess I should probably go up to Crow's Creek ~ check out that windmill, and maybe have a look at that underground room ~



Remember ~ as deep as you can go!



Well ~ good luck with your search, Mr. Broom. Would you like me to do a free reading for you? A glance into your future?



Ha ha! No thanks?





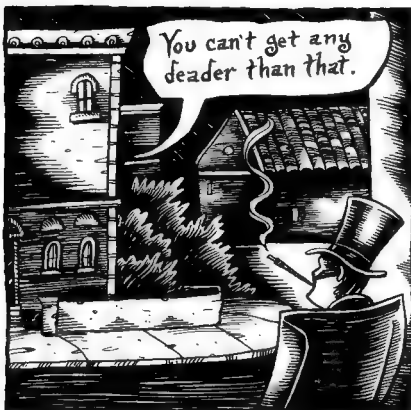
Let me remind you, Zaraka~



~that Aldo Ixnay's mutilated body was found amidst the debris of the Harrisville train wreck four years ago.



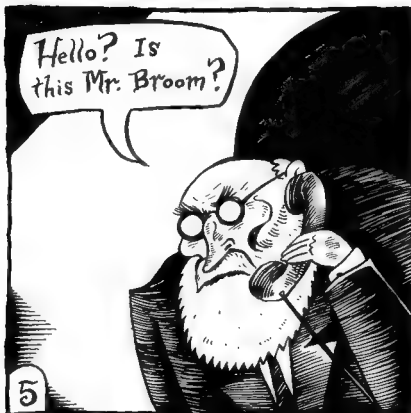
You can't get any deader than that.



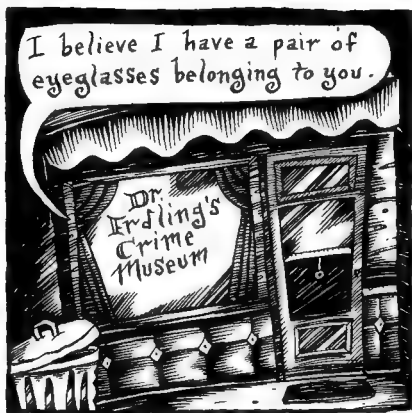
Ring Ring

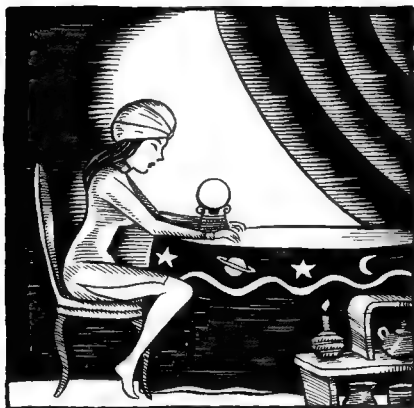


Hello? Is this Mr. Broom?



I believe I have a pair of eyeglasses belonging to you.





Thanks a lot! You say you found them laying in the street?

Yes! Fortunately  
your name was  
written inside  
the case.



Ah, that's better!  
Wow ~ some  
collection  
you've  
got here.

Yes, indeed: An awesome assemblage  
of artifacts representing the  
dark side of our fair city's  
history! It's my life's work!

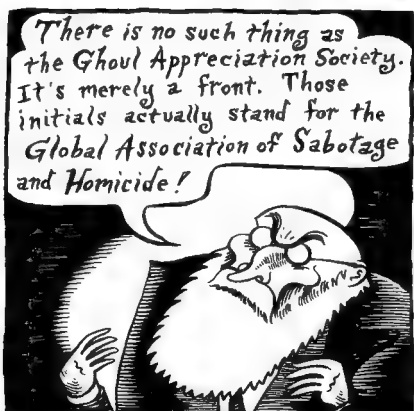
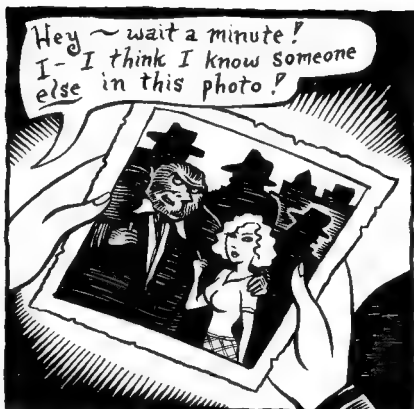
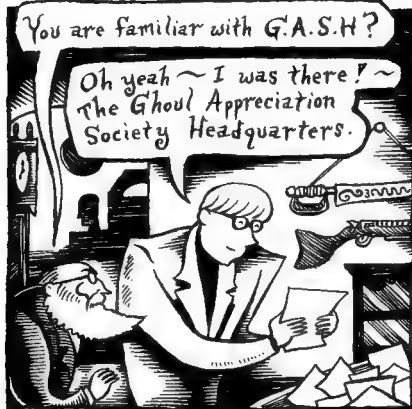


Hey ~ that photo ~ I know  
that guy!

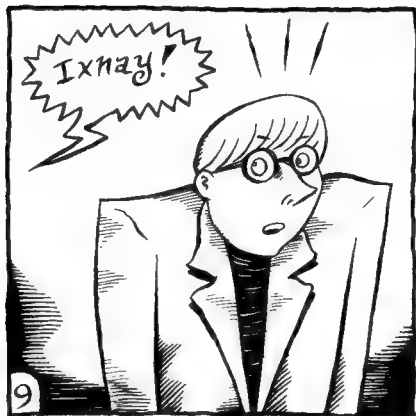


~ It's the director of G.A.S.H.





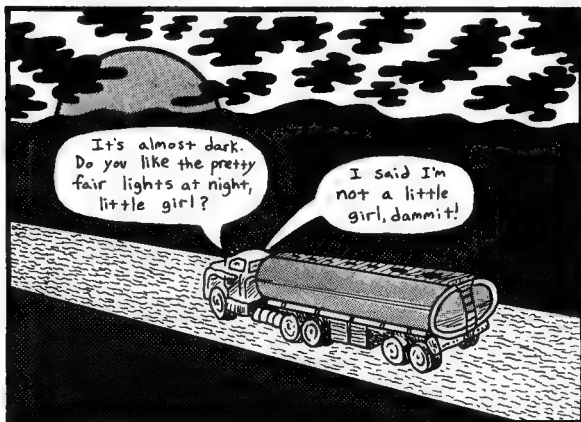
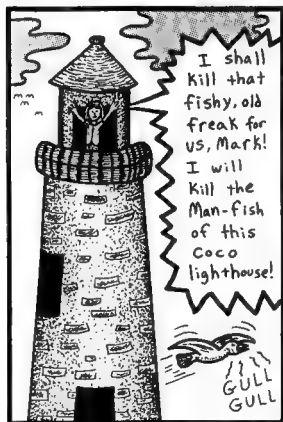
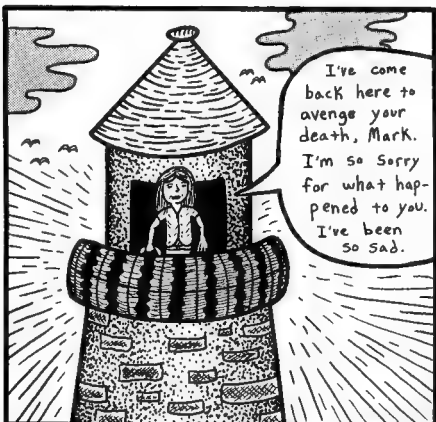


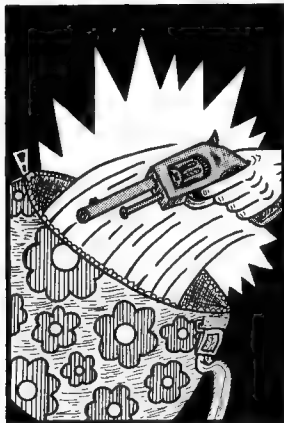
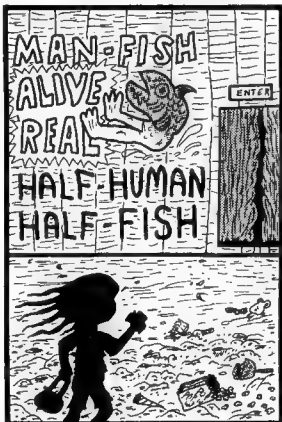
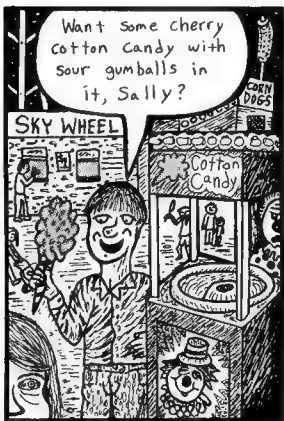


to be continued

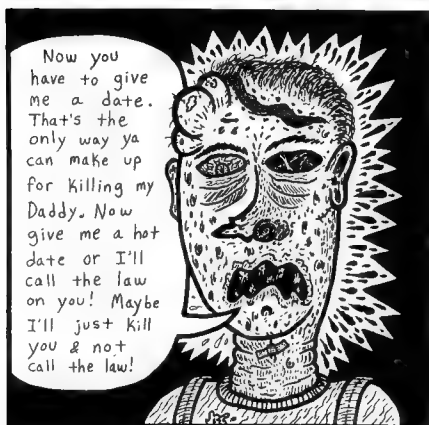
# The Legend Of The FLORIDA MAN-FISH

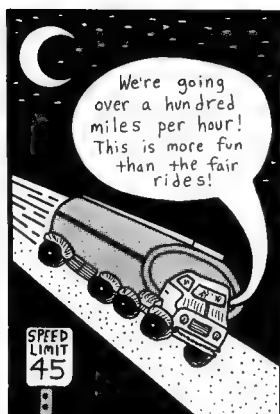












Take your pills & keep away from your brother. He showed me the burns that you gave him with the car cigarette lighter!



That night Mark & I snuck out to the beach.

You know I don't like the dark!



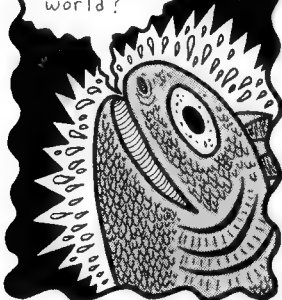
As soon as we reached the shore, the Man-fish was there waiting for us.

Wow! You're real!

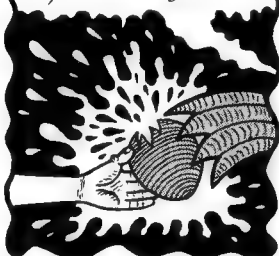
Hi Kids, what's up?



How would you like to come & visit my underwater world?



But in order for you to breath under water you need gills like I have. Use this sharp clam shell to cut yourself gills.



You need gills too, Mark.

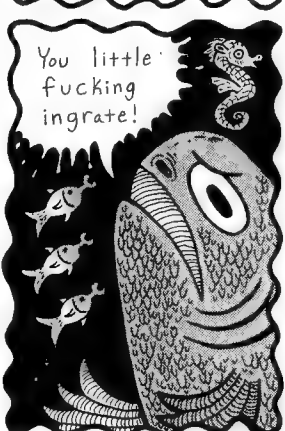
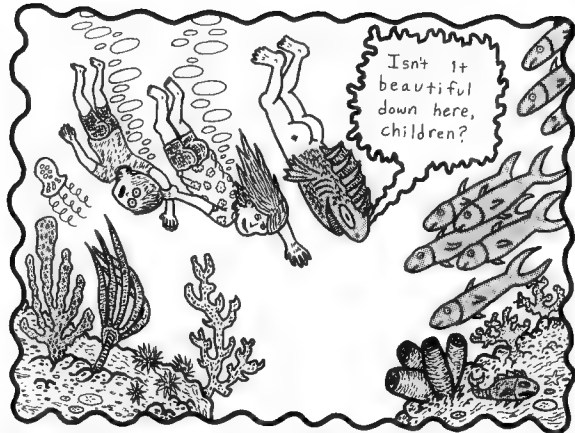


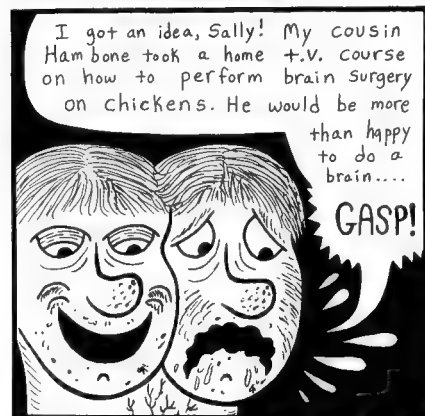
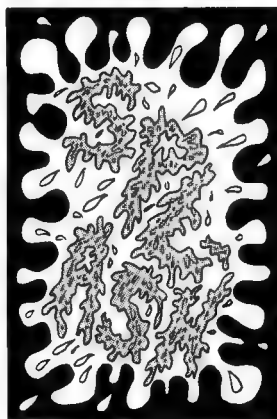
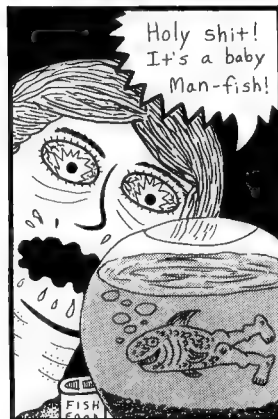
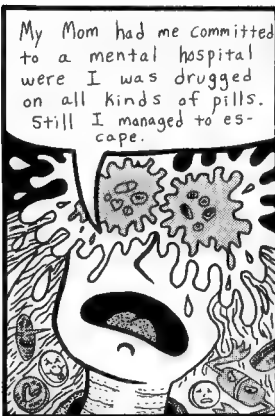
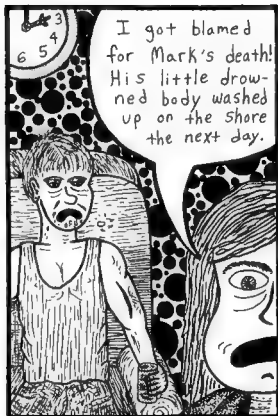
No Sally, I can't swim! I don't like this kind of game!

This isn't a game dummy, it's real life!

Boy, your lil brother sure is a party pooper. He's a pain in the ass, isn't he?





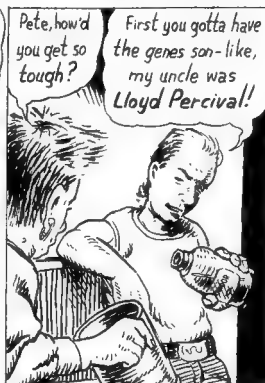
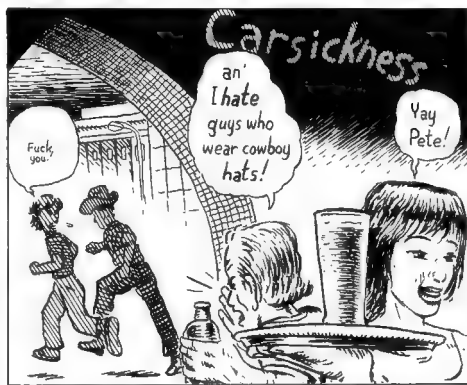
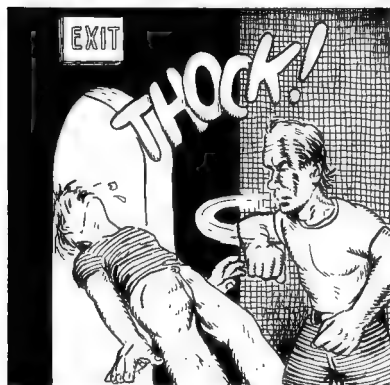
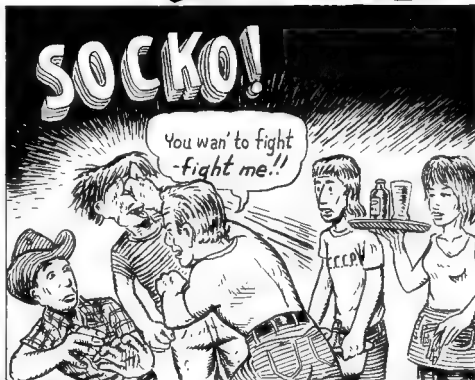


END



# UNDERSTANDING HOCKEY

It's 1980 but not every one going to the punk clubs is so nice!





At times when you're playing, you step back and wonder at this intense games *complexity*!

This fellow, the player with the puck, has many options and a split second in which to act!



Viewed from ice level, the ceaseless swirling patterns change seemingly at *random*, with an abruptness that is almost *impossible* to convey!



I'm not a *terrible* hockey player, but you couldn't call me especially *good* either! It's not a question of poor physical fitness -- the best hockey player that I've ever known was a fat French-Canadian!



Off the ice he was just a regular soldier, eating *poutine* and other unhealthy food in the army canteen, however on the ice he showed his gift of soft hands around the net!



It's 1972 and Canada is playing the U.S.S.R., an event so huge that they let you watch the games from Moscow in school!



To the delight not only of the Soviets, but also people in Scandinavia and Northern Europe, the professionals got their asses whupped! Looking back at it now, it seems the *ultimate* clash between ways of life - *us* vs. *them*!



I was in Europe around that time. My Dad was living in a hippie commune down in the South of France. People in Europe seemed to be taking a whole different approach to the 70's...for one thing, they were getting more *haircuts*!



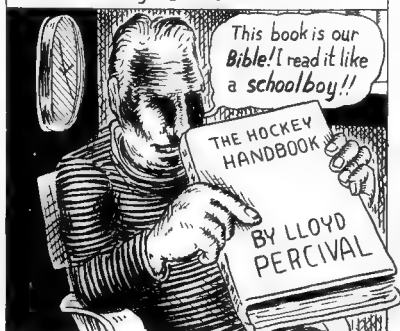
The series featured two different approaches to sport and health! Look at *any* professional athlete from 1972...*movie stars* today spend more time on their cardio-vascular fitness!



The pros *did* win in '72, but only by a margin of a goal scored with 34 seconds left in the series! It was a famous moment - people still hang photos of a painting based on a photo on the walls of their offices!



How did the inexperienced Russians get so far so fast? Anatoly Tarasov - dean of Soviet hockey - had the answer!



It wasn't until after '72 that people over here started to listen to him. 20 years earlier, when his book came out, the coach of the Montreal Canadiens had called it "the product of a three-year-old mind!"

-- Oh how people used to laugh

at my Uncle Lloyd!



It's hard to figure the criticism when you look at the facts behind his life! One of Lloyd Percival's first tutors was the legendary coach of The Notre Dame Fighting Irish - Knute Rockne!

It don't matter so much how big your players are -- strategy is what's important -- you got that??

Vessir!



Percival examined athlete's physical and emotional health -- a radical notion in the conservative hockey world of the 1940's.

Next, I'll need to know the last time you had marital relations!



Studiously, during games, he kept minute records on all N.H.L. players, noting such things as time spent on ice; skating speeds, etc...

That's Barilko's 7<sup>th</sup> hit in this period!



The Hockey Handbook even has information that might be of some use to graphic artists!

U.S. Army Air Force tests have shown that **visual acuity** is increased when there is little food on the stomach..

The emptier a goalkeepers stomach is, the better his eyes will function!



Since Percival's death in 1974, North American pro hockey has embraced his concepts an --

Mario! No!

So I'm a fat French Canajin eh?!

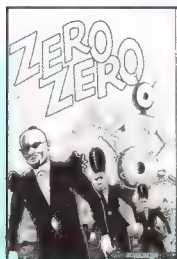




**MARCH/APRIL 1995!** Premiere! Bukowski & Moriarity! Frank Stack's "Jesus" returns! Plus Andersson, Collier, Diana, Head, Holzman, Valium, Williams, the first "Fuzz & Pluck" by Stearn, and a wild Gary Panter cover!



**SEPTEMBER 1995!** Superb Joe Coleman cover painting! Big new Max Andersson story featuring Car-Boyl! Plus White's "Homunculus," Ware, Collier, several Deitch one-pagers, and the conclusion of Kaz/Georgarakis's "Meat Box"!



**JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1996!** Feature-length Bill Griffith cover story! Gruesome Christmas Max Andersson tale! Plus: new chapters of Sala and Deitch's serials, and a back cover by Dave Collier!



**MAY/JUNE 1995!** Sala's "Chuckling Whatsit" begins, the premiere of "Homunculus" by Mack White, new "Trashman" story by Spain, plus Andersson, Collier, Head, Mats!?, Mazzucchelli, Stack, and Wayno!

# PROBLEM: (you missed these)



**JULY 1995!** Soothing Valium cover! Enervating Sandlin back cover! Plus Andersson, Collier, Head, Newgarden, Sala, Stack, Stearn, Williamson, and Doofus creator Rick Altermott's insane "Douche Bag Dougan"!



**AUGUST 1995!** Spectacular two-color Al Columbia strip! The premiere of Kaz/Georgarakis's "Meat Box" series! Plus Jeff Johnson, Carol Tyler, Dave Collier, Richard Sala, Ted Stearn, and a back cover by Mark Beyer!

# SOLUTION: (get 'em now!)

Please send me:

- ☐ **ZERO ZERO #1** (Mar./April 1995) \$3.95 + \$1.00 = \$4.95 ppd.
- ☐ **ZERO ZERO #2** (May/June 1995) \$3.95 + \$1.00 = \$4.95 ppd.
- ☐ **ZERO ZERO #3** (July 1995) \$3.95 + \$1.00 = \$4.95 ppd.
- ☐ **ZERO ZERO #4** (August 1995) \$3.95 + \$1.00 = \$4.95 ppd.
- ☐ **ZERO ZERO #5** (Sept./Oct. 1995) \$3.95 + \$1.00 = \$4.95 ppd.
- ☐ **ZERO ZERO #6** (Nov./Dec. 1995) \$3.95 + \$1.00 = \$4.95 ppd.
- ☐ **ZERO ZERO #7** (Jan./Feb. 1996) \$3.95 + \$1.00 = \$4.95 ppd.
- ☐ **SUBSCRIPTION** to the next 5 issues \$18.95 (\$20.95 outside U.S.)

Send to:

name \_\_\_\_\_

address \_\_\_\_\_

city state zip \_\_\_\_\_

Send to FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS 7563 Lake City Way NE, Seattle, WA 98115 Visa/Mastercard orders call 1-800-657-1100. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery subscribers receive issues as they are released.



## FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS



ZZ  
ZERO

# ZERO ZERO INFORMATION OF MARGINAL USE AT BEST

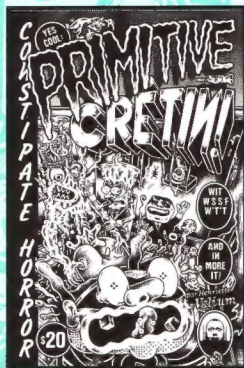
Editor Kim Thompson  
Art Director  
Marc Arsenault  
Cover Charles Burns  
Back Cover  
Pat Moriarty  
Computer coloring  
executed by Jeff  
Johnson, Pat Moriarty,  
and Rich Tommaso  
Contributing Cartoonists  
(past & future) Mark  
Andersson, David  
Collier, Al Columbia, Kim  
Deitch, Mike Diana,  
Archer Prewitt, Richard  
Sala, Ted Stearn, Henriette  
Valium, Mack White  
Continuing Cartoonists  
(past & future) Mark  
Beyer, Stephanie  
Blanquet, Susan  
Catherine, Dan Cloves,  
Dante Darcy, Michael  
Dougan, Bob Finger-  
man, Mary Fleener,  
Drew Friedman,  
Timothy Geogarkakis,  
Justin Green, Bill  
Griffith, Glenn Head,  
Sam Henderson, David  
Holzman, Jeff Johnson,  
Kaz, Matsui, David  
Mazzuchelli, Th. Metz-  
ger, Mark Newgarden,  
Frank Stack, Penny  
Moran Van Horn, Chris  
Vierra, J.R. Williams,  
Skip Williamson, Jim  
Woodring, Oscar Zarate  
Promotion Chris Jacobs,  
Eric Reynolds  
Circulation Matt Counts,  
Kitty Ireland

**ZERO ZERO** — we eat up art directors and spit 'em out like yesterday's sunflower seeds. With this, the eighth issue, we welcome Mr. **Marc Arsenault** to the drawing board (or rather, the computer keyboard). In addition to a long and prestigious career at such fine cartooning operations as *Tundra* (come to think of it, was there ever another such place as *Tundra*?), Mr. Arsenault is the brains and brawn behind *WowCool*, a publishing and distribution colossus whose publications include the ineffable **OH THAT MONROE!** by future **ZZ** contributor **Sam Henderson**, as well as the anthology **TUNA CASSEROLE**. Write *WowCool*, 48 Shattuck Square #149, Berkeley CA 94704 for their splendidly designed and entirely free catalogue!

Speaking of behind-the-scenes workers whose efforts contribute to your enjoyment of this very zine, let's have a hearty round of applause for the computer colorists, who take the sometimes unintelligible or near impossible instructions of the finicky artists and convert them into computer files, whence they are spewed out in the form of film negatives, which are then... oh, who cares. Anyway, **Jeff Johnson**, creator of the Fantagraphics-published mini-series **NURTURE THE DEVIL** and new colorist of **HATE**, is the man who slapped together **Archer Prewitt's** remarkable two-tone "Sof'Boy" story, while **Rich Tommaso**, creator of the newly-released hardboiled graphic novel **CLOVER HONEY**, wielded the mouse, so to speak, on **Al Columbia's** frontispiece. (Message from Al: **BIOLOGICAL SHOW #2** on its way, quiet down already.) **Pat Moriarty** did triple duty on his "Signs of the Apocalypse" page, coloring it and working up the stellar computer job you see here. (Message from Pat: **BIG MOUTH #6** is on its way, quiet down already.) And supervising all these gentlemen was wise and kindly **Peppey White**, whose helpful expostulations ("Trees! Snakes!") have added so immeasurably to the tone of the office.

Speaking of **Archer Prewitt**, he wins hands down this issue's award for "snootiest reason given for a scheduling crunch." He was busy mixing his band's live album. Well, excuse us; we didn't get this editorial written because we

were busy polishing our Pulitzer Prize acceptance speech, Mr. Rock Star. In actual fact, of course, Mr. Prewitt is a member of the legendary combo *The Cootails*, who passed into legend with their most recent and final studio album, the eponymous **THE COOTAILS** (Carrot Top Records). There's still that live album, another single on the Tel-Star label, and a 7" "Sof'Boy" single with a comic book to come, but they're done, finished, kaput. Oh, who are they kidding? They'll be recording and touring forever. They're just yanking your chain with this "quitting" business. I wouldn't fall for it.



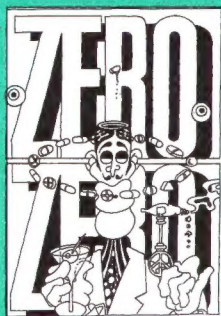
Nevertheless, Mr. Prewitt has also been active as a self-publisher, releasing two mind-boggling full-color **SOFOBOY** mini-comics. The first is currently out of print (look for an expanded version later this year), but the second can be ordered for a mere \$1.50 postpaid from Archer Prewitt, 1723 W. Julian Apt. 2R, Chicago IL 60622 — a steal, really. Certainly better than paying \$5.95 for a fucking black-and-white comic book. This will also put you on Mr. Prewitt's permanent mailing list, enabling you to buy "Sof'Boy" goodies galore as they roll off the presses. We see a cuddly plush toy in someone's future here.

The intractable **Henriette Valium** also has a mailing list (Henriette Valium, 8392 rue Foucher, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H2P 2C1), to which he disseminates his weird mini-comics, records, and other atrocities — including a new silkscreened giant version of **PRIMITIVE CRETTIN**, his legendary, door-sized masterpiece.

Incidentally, Fantagraphics will be releasing the "mass-market" edition of that classic, a mere 10" x 13" in format, this Spring. And yes, calm down — there will be more *Valium* in **ZERO ZERO**.

Special thanks this issue to **Charles Burns** for his exceptionally fine cover. While we're passing out Burns-related praise, kudos to Kitchen Sink Press for their lovely production job on Burns's career-topping masterpiece **BLACK HOLE**, but how about getting some more of Burns's work into print? Starting with **TRUE DEFECTIVE STORIES**? When we look at those *black holes* in our collection, it really *burns* us up, you know?

In other **ZZ** product news, **Mack White's VILLA OF THE MYSTERIES** has been released. If your local store doesn't carry it, it's because they're fuckheads and don't deserve your business. (We mean local *comics* store; if it's your local grocery, this omission in their product line is forgivable.) *Villa of the Mysteries*, and literally billions of other fine cartoon products, can be purchased through Fantagraphics' fantastic 64-page full-color catalogue, available free if you write to 7563 Lake City Way, Seattle WA 98115, or call us at 1-800-657-1100. Okay, not literally billions. But lots.



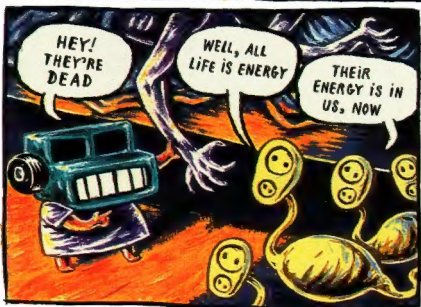
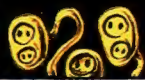
**Next issue:** Skip Williamson returns with the cover-featured "The Party." (Birdy num-nums, anyone?) Also in this issue, the **ZZ** premiere of luncheonette eavesdropper **Susan Catherine** and *Small Killing* artist **Oscar Zarate**, **Jeff Johnson** talks to furniture, another chapter of "Fuzz and Pluck" by **Ted Stearn**, more **Collier** and **Sala**, the **Henriette Valium** back cover we promised last time, the return of **David Holzman**, and a strip by **Sam Henderson**! On sale in April!

**ZERO ZERO**, March-April, 1989. ZERO ZERO ISSN: 1060-9233 is published bi-monthly by Fantagraphics Books, and is ©1989 Fantagraphics Books. All art and stories are ©1989 their respective writers and artists. David Collier, Kim Deitch, Mike Diana, Archer Prewitt, Richard Sala, Ted Stearn, Henriette Valium, and Mack White. Covers ©1989 Mark Andersson, Charles Burns, Al Columbia, and Pat Moriarty. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without written permission from Fantagraphics Books or the creators. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, or institutions in ZERO ZERO and those of any living or dead persons is intended, and any such similarity that may exist is purely coincidental, with the exception of biographical and autobiographical material. Letters to ZERO ZERO become the property of the magazine and are assumed for publication in whole or in part, and may therefore be used for those purposes. First printing: February, 1989. Fantagraphics Books, 7563 Lake City Way NE, Seattle, Washington, 98115. PRINTED IN CANADA.





# CAR-BOY





## YET ANOTHER SIGN OF THE IMPENDING APOCALYPSE!

### Sign the EIGHTH

The rise of evil anti-artist/pop star Salvador Khadafi leads to new lows in the standards of popular music and culture, as evidenced on college campuses worldwide, thus giving space aliens (the ones with a sensibility for God and morality) the long sought-after chance to prove once and for all that they're here to help God-fearing Christians, not hurt them, contrary to what those stinking liars in Washington would like you to believe. Beware the Ides of March. by PAT MORIARITY



